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THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 31, 1808.

[NO. 46.]

sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

Character,

Of a mighty good Kind Man.

Sir,

I HAVE always thought your mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwise may as well pass over what follows.

The good qualities of a mighty good kind of a man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of sense and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action.—Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: to him every body is his “Dear Sir,” though he cares not a farthing for any body but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with “Dear Sir,” and ends with “I am, good Sir, your ever sincere and affectionate friend, and most obedient humble servant.” “You may generally find him in company with older persons than himself, but always, with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a “Yes,” or a “True, Sir,” or “You observe very right Sir,” for every word that is said; which, with the old gentry, that love to hear themselves talk, makes him pass for a mighty sensible & discerning, as well as a mighty good kind of man. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got such a habit of assenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known such a one, after having approved an observation made by one of the company assent with “What you say is very just,” to an opposite sentiment from another; and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times in a minute.

As the weather is a principle and a favorite topic of a mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sunshine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all; it may be East, North, or South, South East and by East, or in any point in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please.—This, in a stage-coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a mighty good kind of man. He is so civil, and so wellbred, that he would keep you standing half an hour, uncovered in the rain, rather than he would step in your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips, till he had drank the health to half the company, and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, lest he should offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toast the fire-side. He is sure to take notice of little master and miss, when they appear after dinner, and is very assiduous to win their little hearts, by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpose. This of course recommends him to mamma's esteem; and he is not only a mighty good kind of man, but she is certain he would make a mighty good husband.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend a mighty good kind of man.—I had the honour of walking lately with one of these good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly; and, I believe, he pulled off his hat to every third person we met, with a “How do you do, my dear Sir?” though I found he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertain-

ed with the greeting between my companion, and another mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not seen one another for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together not with a design of opposing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently, crying, “Yes,” together, and “Very true,” “You are very right, my dear Sir;” and at last, having exhausted their favorite topic of what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vast pleasure of an agreeable evening with the other very soon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember, at Westminster, a mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his schoolfellows, was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by this means she knew who did all the mischief in the house. He always finished his exercise before he went to play: you could never find a false concord in his prose, or a false quantity in his verse; and he made huge amends for the want of sense and spirit in his compositions by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a scholar, you must allow he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the university he never failed attending his tutor's lectures, was constant at prayers night and morning, never missed gates or the hall at meal-times, was regular in his academical exercises, and took pride in appearing, on all occasions, with masters of arts; and he was happy, beyond measure, in being acquainted with some of the heads of houses, who were glad through him to know what passed among the under-graduates. Though he was not reckoned, by the college, to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was universally esteemed by the senior part, to be a mighty good kind of young man; and this even placid turn of mind has re-

commended him to no small preferment in the church.

We may observe, when these mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of the people seldom examine, procures them a much better subsistence, and a more reputable situation in life, than ever their abilities, or their merit, could otherwise entitle them to. Though they are seldom advanced very high, yet, if such a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels; and then, on his return, he is a mighty polite, as well as a mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being such a mighty good kind of man will make the attorneys supply him with special pleadings, or bills and answers to draw, as he is sufficiently qualified by his slow genius to be a dray-horse of the law. But though he can never hope to be a chancellor, or an archbishop, yet, if he is admitted of the medical college in Warwick-lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profession, as the success of the faculty depends chiefly on old women, fanciful and hysterical young ones, whimsical men, and young children, among the generality of whom, nothing recommends a person so much as his being a mighty good kind of man.

I must own, that a good man, and a man of sense, certainly should have every thing that this kind of man has; yet, if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and complete his character. Many are deceived by French paste: it has the lustre and brilliancy of a real diamond; but the want of hardness, the essential property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shews it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as to expect to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding.—But it often happens, that these mighty good of men are wolves in sheep's clothing; that their want of parts is supplied by abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the short-sighted and unwary.

Where this not the case, I cannot help thinking that these kind of men are no better than blanks in the creation: if they are not unjust stewards, they are certainly to be reckoned unprofitable servants; and I would recommend, that this harmless, inoffensive, insipid, mighty good kind of man should be married to a character of a very different stamp, the mighty good sort of woman—an account of whom I shall give you in a day or two.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

LETTER by the late LORD LYTTLETON.

SO ——— turns up his eyes, and significantly shrugs his shoulders when my name is mentioned; and, to continue the farce, pretends to lament me as a disgrace to his family! I am almost ashamed to acknowledge it, but this idle history has given me more stinging mortification

than I almost ever felt. How insignificant must he become, who is openly despised by insignificance: and how loud must the hiss of the world be, when such a puny whipster insults me! If honourable men were to speak of me with contempt, I should submit without resentment; for I have deserved it. If they should bestow their pity upon me, I should thank them for giving me more than I deserve. If mankind despise, I have only to resist or fly from the contempt. But to be an object of supercilious airs, from one who two years ago, would have wiped the dust from off my shoes, and who, perhaps, two years hence, will be proud of the same office—a puny prattler who does not possess a sufficient degree of talent or importance to give dignity either to virtue or crime: I say, to be the butt of such a one, severely mortifies me. Were I on the other side of the water, his back-biting looks and shrugs should be changed in a moment to well-made bows and suppliant postures. If I live, the scurvy knave shall do me homage! It really frets me, that I cannot, in four-and-twenty hours, meet him face to face, and make his subservient attentions give the lie to his humbling compassion, in the presence of those before whom he has traduced me. The day of my revenge will come, when he shall open his mouth for me to spit in it, as he was wont to do, and perform every dirty trick for which parasites were formed. His genius is to fetch and carry—a very spaniel, made to fawn and eat your leavings; whose whole courage rises no higher than to ape a snarl. If I live to outlive this snuffling pedagogue, I shall see him make a foolish end of it. Mark my words—I am a very *Shylock*—I will have Revenge!

The last words I have written puts me in mind of telling you, that ——— has been with me for some time. The rascal, who is a priest into the bargain, carried *aqua fortis* in a syringe for three months together, to squirt the fiery liquor into the eyes of a fortunate rival. In this diabolical design he succeeded, and the object of his malice was forever deprived of half his sight. I have conversed with him on the horrors of this transaction; but the *Italian* finds a consolation in his own infernal feeling, and a justification in the dying command of his father, whose last words composed this emphatic sentence—"Remember my son that revenge is sweet."

This man is capable of any villany, if money is to be got by it; and I doubt not but he might be bribed to undertake, without hesitation, robbery, seduction, rape, and murder. However, my superiour virtue for once overawed his villany: for he most certainly had it in his power to have robbed me of a large sum of money, without the possibility of a discovery; and, if he thought it necessary, he might have dispatched me with as little danger. I have since asked him what strange fit of virtue, or fear of the devil, came across him, when he had such an opportunity to make his fortune. The impudent rascal replied, at once, that he had very powerful suggestions to send me to the other world; and that, if, fortunately for him, I had possessed one single virtue, he should, without ceremony, have dispatched me to my reward. This event, I think, will make a complete *Mandiville*an of me. You see, for your encouragement, that a bad life is good for something; and for the good example which the world will receive from me in

times to come, it will be indebted to the very bad one I have already given it. After this signal and providential preservation, I cannot but think that Heaven has something particularly great in store for me.

As I tell it to you, the history has the air of a *badinage*: but you may be assured that it is a real fact, and I am sorry that the circumstances of it are too long and various to be inserted in a letter. I believe you know something of the man; but, if you repeat what I have written to any one who is acquainted with him, you will soon find that I have had a very narrow escape. I have bribed him to leave me, and he has gone for *England*. The story of *Lewis the Fourteenth* and his Barber is well known; and you may, if you please, apply it to—

Your affectionate, &c.

UNCOMMON INTERPOSITION OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

DURING the government of Don Diego de Mendoza in Paraguay, a dreadful famine raged at Buenos Ayres, yet Don Pedro, whose forces were very much weakened by mortality, and the attacks of the barbarous nations, being afraid of giving the Indians a habit of spilling Spanish blood, forbid the inhabitants, under pain of death, to go into the fields in search of relief. But, as hunger is one of those extremities, which make people blind to the greatest dangers, and deaf, even to the most sacred injunctions, he placed soldiers at all the out-lets to the country, with orders to fire upon those who should endeavour to transgress his orders. A woman, however, called Maldonata, was lucky enough to elude the vigilance of the guards; and God twice preserved her by one of those exertions of his providence, to which public notoriety alone can extort belief from the incredulous, apt to take offence at every thing beside the common course of things. This woman, having for a long time rambled about the country, took notice of a cavern, where she flattered herself she might at last find a sure retreat against all the dangers that threatened her; but she had scarce entered it, when she spied a lioness, the sight of which terrified her to the last degree. She was, however, soon quieted a little by caresses of this animal, at the same time that she perceived they were not disinterested. The lioness, was reduced to the last extremity, as though her term for littering was expired, she could not get rid of her burthen. Maldonata upon this took courage, and gave the poor creature the assistance she seemed so earnestly to require. The lioness, being happily delivered, not only immediately gave her benefactress the most sensible proofs of her gratitude; but never returned from searching her own daily subsistence, without laying at the feet of Maldonata enough for her's, till the whelps being strong enough to walk abroad, she at last took them out with her, and never returned, leaving Maldonata to shift for her herself.

Maldonata soon after fell into the hands of some Indians, who made a slave of her in captivity for a considerable time. Being at length retaken by some Spaniards, she was brought back to Buenos Ayres, where Don Francis Ruiz de Galan commanded for Don Pedro de Mendoza, who happened to be absent. Galan was a man, whose severity often degenerated into cruelty. Therefore, as he knew that Maldonata had

stolen out of the city, contrary to orders, and did not think her sufficiently punished by a very long and very cruel slavery, he condemned her to death, and to a kind of death, which no man but a tyrant could have thought of. He ordered some soldiers to take her into the country, and there leave her tied to a tree, not doubting but some wild beast or other would soon come and tear her to pieces.

Two days after, the same soldiers being sent to see what was become of her, they were greatly surprised to find her alive, and unhurt, though surrounded by lions and tigers, whom a lioness, lying at her feet with her whelps, kept at a distance. As soon as the lioness perceived the soldiers, she retired a little, as it were to give them leave to unbind her benefactress, which they accordingly did. Maldonata then related to them the history of the lioness, whom she knew to be the same she had formerly assisted; and the soldiers remarked, that, on their offering to carry away Maldonata, the lioness fawned greatly upon her, and seemed to express some concern at losing her. On the report the soldiers made to the commander of what they had seen, he saw that he could not but pardon a woman, whom heaven had protected in so signal a manner, without appearing more inhuman than lions themselves. The author of *Argentina*, the first author to relate this adventure, assures us that he had heard it, not only from the public voice, but from the mouth of Maldonata herself; and father del Techo says, that when he arrived at Paraguay, a great many persons spoke to him of it, as an event which had happened within their memory, and of which nobody doubted the truth.

HOW THIS WOLD IS GIVEN TO LYING!

'Now, really, upon my honour,' says the shopkeeper, 'this is the best and cheapest piece of goods I ever sold. You would appear most admirably, Miss Jenny, dressed in some of my muslins—by my soul you would captivate the schoolmaster, the parson, and the lawyer of your parish, and lead them in triumph by your apron strings.' Do not believe him, Jenny—it is all a lie. You would still be a plain country girl, though arrayed in all the red ribbons his store affords.

'I am supremely glad to see you,' says the cringing sycophant. 'Indeed, Sir, I have not enjoyed a moment's pleasure since we parted; but I am now remunerated for my past unhappiness. I have no friend like you, to whom I can unbosom myself freely. But in you there is no deceit—I had as leave trust you as myself. You may call it flattery but as I hope to be saved, I speak the genuine sentiments of my soul.' If such a character approach a lady, whom he wishes to woo, or rather, whom he wishes to destroy, he amuses her time by his wonted artifice. But I forbear to give a specimen of his conversation as it must be disagreeable to my fair readers, and as it is a more malicious kind of lying, than comes under my present province to describe.

'Your cause,' says the pettinger, 'is very good; you will undoubtedly recover. I advise you to commence a suit immediately.' Good reader, seeing you have been so foolish as to ask his advice, give him five dollars, but don't follow it.

'Indeed, Sir,' says the conquestish Miss Tat-

tle, no man but yourself, has, or, shall, find place in my affections.' Ye Gods, as Swift observes, has it come to this! What, the ladies lie! Then in truth we may exclaim, *How this world is given to lying!*

CRUELTY.

I remember once seeing a practical lesson of humanity given to a little chimney-sweeper, which had I dare say, a better effect than a volume of ethics. The young scot-merchant was seated upon an ale-house bench, and had in one hand his brush, and in the other a hot buttered roll. While exercising his white masticators, with a perseverance that evinced the highest gratification, he observed a dog lying on the ground near him. The repetition of "Poor fellow, poor fellow," in a good-natured tone, brought the quadruped from his resting place; he wagged his tail, looked up with an eye of humble intreaty, and in that universal language which all nations understand, asked for a morsel of bread. The sooty tyrant held his remnant of roll towards him, but on the dog's gently offering to take it, struck him with his brush so violent a blow across the nose, as nearly broke the bone.

A gentleman who had been, unperceived, a witness to the whole transaction, put a six pence between his finger and thumb, and beckoned the sweep to an opposite door. The lad grinned at the silver, but, on stretching out his hand to receive it, the teacher of humanity gave him such a rap upon the knuckles with a cane as made them ring. His hand tingling with pain, and tears running down his cheeks, he asked what that was for? "To make you feel," was the reply. "How do you like a blow and a disappointment? The dog endured both! Had you given him a piece of bread, this six pence should have been the reward; you gave him a blow—I will therefore put the money in my pocket."



THE Correspondent under the signature of E. will accept my best thanks for the polite attention bestowed in the communication of the "Copy of a genuine letter," for the *Mirror*. But for several cogent reasons it is inadmissible. It is however very well, as a Letter from Lover to Lover, for they may say or write to each other any thing under heaven they have a mind to. But for the public taste it is hardly the thing. It has so much of "reciprocity of obligation;" "affectionate attention;" "mutual assurances;" "lovely smiles;" "delicious moments;" "tears of love;" &c. &c. that it would but bring a surfeit upon my readers. I am sure they cannot relish so much sugar candy all at once. But I will make use of a more elegant, more poetical expression, for this inimitable Letter deserves it—and call it *The quintessence of the ethereal fire of Love*, or what perhaps is still more appropriate, *The melting hot bath of Love*. All the soft tender moving scenes in Shakespeare are nothing to it. It outstrips Ovid's "Art of Love," (in the language of Swift) by a whole bar's length—And

had Petrarch have read it, he would have forgotten his adorable Laura, through the fired conception of a more Angelic beauty. It could have been inspired, only at the very achme of a dissolving honey-moon. I would not for the world were it possible, venture it abroad; I have suffered too much of excruciating torture myself, for that; for I have been in a most violent ferment ever since I read it. Had I been Falstaff, I should, without being cramed into a buck-basket have dissolved under its operation. But thanks to my lucky stars, I am not loaded with his "huge hill of flesh;" and this alone has saved my bacon. And as my own is saved, it is my duty, as far as in me lies, to save the bacon of others. And I apprehend that, should I employ any one upon this Letter, the types would burn the fingers of the composuist, and perhaps communicate to his heart an unquenchable flame, besides melting in the end, with its fervent heat, the whole font occupied about it. But even allowing it were practicable to give this Love Letter an impression—the moment it took air, it would take fire; and what would be the public alarm, to see the Printer's devil running about with a blazing sheet in his hand!!! Therefore, for these reasons, which I deem irrefragable, my kind and friendly Correspondent must see, and every one that has eyes must see, that it is a thing impossible, and consequently altogether vain, to attempt to introduce combustible matter into the *MIRROR*.

A neat thing.

A Cambridge wit, on reading the account in the papers of a Vermont man naming his daughter "Embargo," observed, it was very well, if he intended to prohibit all Commerce with her. [Cont.]

HYMENEAL.

*Hail wedded Love! no Liberty can prove
So sweet as Bondage with the Wife we loves*

MARRIED.

In Farningham Mr. Samuel Curtis, of Boston to Miss Eliza Ballard, of F.—In Quincy, Mr. James Baxter, to Miss Mary Phips.—In Needham, on Sunday Evening, Mr. Josiah Foser, of Roxbury, to Miss Anna Eustis, of N.

In Boston Mr. Ansel Fobs, to Miss Grace Harris.—On Monday evening by the Rev. Mr. Murray, Mr. Timothy Smith, to Miss Sarah Walker.

In Newbury-Port, Capt John Gookin, to Miss Mary Stoddy both of Greenland.

OBITUARY.

*The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galleys slaves and kings.*

DIED.

At Port-St-Mary's (Spain) Oct 6 of a pulmonary complaint, Mr. Charles Frederick Gilman, *Æt.* about 21, only son of the Hon. Nicholas G. of N. Hampshire: The following evening his remains were attended to the grave by his countrymen from the neighbouring city of Cadiz; his relations, friends, and country have to mourn the loss of a promising and worthy man.—In Havanah Allen Wales, *Æt.* 16, youngest son of Mr. Benj W. of Braintree.—In Surriam, Robert Gardner, jun. *Æt.* 23, eldest son of Robert G. Esq. of Boston.—In Sag Harbor (L I) Mr. James Howell, *Æt.* 74; burnt, by falling into the fire in a fire.—In Cranston, Mr. Nathan Knight, *Æt.* 73; he was crushed by a tree that fell upon him while he was in the act of cutting it down.—In Troy, (Mass) Mrs. Dnah, widow of Mr. Thomas Cornell, *Æt.* 10mo.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE LITERARY MIRROR.

We are very much pleased with the following production from an unknown Correspondent; and the more, as it appears from the hand-writing, to be from the pen of a FEMALE. Aside from its melancholy air, it breathes much of the spirit of THOMPSON—heavenly BARD.

"A fiery legion at thy birth,
Of chastening woes were given,
To pluck thy flowers of Hope from earth,
And plant them high,
O'er yonder sky,
Transform'd to stars, and fix'd in heav'n."

MONTGOMERY.

FAREWELL sweet Hope! no longer shall thy wiles
Lure my rapt eye to distant blissful scenes,
Unconscious that my careless footsteps tread
Upon the brink of never-ending woe.

Nay, Syren, turn no more on me thy soft
Seductive smiles, which have so often
Cheated my poor heart: ah! were I now to
Take thee in my arms and cheer thy drooping
Head upon my bosom—full well I know
Ingrate! thou would'st again deceive me—then
Fare thee well, and now we part forever!

But thee, O MEMORY! 'tis to thee I breathe
The fervent prayer. Ah, lend thine ear
Gentlest of nymphs! thy votary let me be
And while from the dread future I avert
Th' enquiring eye—cast o'er my aching head
Thy magic veil, and bid me once again
Live o'er the scenes, the soul-fraught tender scenes
Which, "ere my native land I bade adieu,"
Were wont to solace every rising care.

Ah! lead me to the dear, the tranquil shades
Where oft with ***** I have pass'd
The improving hour—turn'd with devouring eye
The moral page, warbled the dulcet song,
Or careless rov'd through fiction's flow'ry paths;
And as some Heav'n-born truth flash'd on each mind,
Or fancy's glowing portraits charm'd each taste,
How has th' electric smile, the kindling glance
Betray'd the secret sympathy of soul!

When the fierce Lion captive held the Sun,
And fainting Nature sunk beneath its rays,
Oft have we welcom'd the declining day,
Round 'mid the garden's ever varying sweets,
And pluck'd the blushing strawberry from its bed;
Sought with enervate steps the winding shore
To catch the western breeze—reviving breeze!
Which borrow'd freshness from the briny wave,
Fann'd with its balmy wing our glowing cheeks.

Ye hallow'd shades! ye consecrated groves
Forever lov'd! ah, where is now your bloom!
Ye trees! whose tall heads bow'd beneath the storm,
Whose leaves soft answer'd to the whispering breeze,

While the pale moon beams trembled in your arms,
Now bare, and sighing to the hollow blast—
Stripp'd of your foliage by the wintry storm,
Alas, how strongly ye resemble me!

AN EXILE.

Military Law.

PROPOSALS

BY CHARLES TAPPAN,
FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION

AN
ESSAY

ON

MILITARY LAW,

AND THE

PRACTICE OF

COURTS MARTIAL.

BY THE

HON. ALEXANDER F. TYTLER.

FORMERLY JUDGE-ADVOCATE OF NORTH BRITAIN, NOW ONE OF
THE JUDGES OF THE COURT OF SESSIONS IN SCOTLAND.

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APPENDIX.

No. I. Of the Ancient Assize of Arms, and Commissions of Array.—II. Of the Offices of High Constable and Marshal, and of the Powers of the Court of Chivalry.—III. Warrant for holding a General Court-Martial for the Trial of Lord George Sackville.—IV. Form of a Warrant of a Commander in Chief for holding a General Court-Martial.—V. Warrant for holding a Court of Enquiry, issued by his late Majesty George II. in 1757.—VI. Statute passed in Ireland, anno 1798, for the enactment of Martial Law.—Index.

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††† Those who hold subscription papers are requested to return them by the 1st of February next, to CHARLES TAPPAN, Portsmouth, N. H.

Portsmouth, Dec. 17, 1803.

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ALSO JUST RECEIVED,

Boylston Prize Questions, for the year 1806 and 1807; being the dissertations to which the Boylston Prize Medals were adjudged.

ALSO,

The History of MIRANDA's attempt to effect a revolution in South America; by a gentleman who was an Officer under that General.

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